

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.
Publication Office:
754 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1896, at
the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of
Congress of March 3, 1879.
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.
Ernest H. Merrick, Treasurer
Paul F. Cain, Assistant Treasurer
J. Harry Cunningham, Auditor
Charles L. Cole, Managing Editor
J. Ross Stewart, Advertising Manager
Charles C. Thompson, Mechanical Superintendent
Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)
The Washington Herald is delivered by
carrier in the District of Columbia and
Albany, N. Y., at 25 cents per month,
daily and Sunday, or at 25 cents per
month without the Sunday issue.
Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday, \$3.00 per month
Daily and Sunday, \$3.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday, \$2.00 per month
Daily, without Sunday, \$2.00 per year
No attention will be paid to anonymous
contributions and no communications
the editor will be printed except upon
the name of the writer.
Manuscripts offered for publication will
be returned, if unavailable, but stamps
should be sent with the manuscript for
that purpose.
All communications intended for this
newspaper, whether for the daily or the
Sunday issue, should be addressed to
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.
New York Representative, SMITH-WILKINSON
SPECIAL AGENCY, Tribune Building.
Chicago Representative, CHARLES A. BAR-
NARD, Boyce Building.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1907.

Cost of the Naval Revolution.

There is something more than mere co-
incidence in the departure of the torpedo-
boat flotilla, the scout ships of the great
navies, about to sail for the Pacific, and
simultaneously with the appearance of
the annual report of the Secretary of the
Navy, with its imposing budget for the
construction of more battle ships. The
unusual increase of the navy now asked
for is, in fact, a direct consequence of
the revolution in our naval policy initiated
last summer by Executive order. Mr.
Metcalf points with evident pride to the
fact that we now rank second among
the naval powers in the efficiency of our
navy, and third in the magnitude of our
under construction. But, he warns us,
we cannot maintain this relative rank
unless we carry out the naval pro-
gramme he recommends.
Should Congress adopt this ambitious
programme, the naval revolution will
have been accomplished. We call it a
revolution because the maintenance of a
navy exceeding in size that of any other
power save England marks a radical de-
parture from our former naval policy.
It means, in the adoption of a
naval policy framed upon European
models, and the entrance of this country
upon the international scramble for naval
supremacy that is the despair of every
European minister of finance. Only a
year ago President Roosevelt was saying
that we need not maintain our navy at its
present size and efficiency by the replace-
ment of old vessels with new. His Sec-
retary of the Navy now calls for four new
battle ships, for the maintenance of our
navy, and for the expenditure of a sum on new con-
struction alone that exceeds the entire
cost of the naval establishment but five
years ago, and just double its cost prior
to the Spanish-American war. It would
be interesting to know what has pro-
duced this extraordinary change of front
on the part of the administration within
a single twelvemonth.

Cost of the Naval Revolution.

For one thing, it is obvious that if the
navy is needed in the Pacific at all, it
will have to be stationed there continu-
ously. Strategic considerations, as
naval officers see, demand a fleet in both
the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The two-
ocean standard is for us what the two-
ocean standard is for England—an as-
surance of absolute safety. Is our sit-
uation such that we ought to approxi-
mate England's naval policy, instead of
adhering to one of our own—one that
takes due account of the impregnable
distances that separate us from probable
enemies? Uncle Joe has already an-
nounced one thing it won't do—tamper with
the tariff.

Post-office Department Reform.

Postmaster General Meyer brings to the
attention of Congress, in his annual re-
port, the plans for a parcels post and
for a postal savings bank, in behalf of
which he has conducted an ardent and
indefatigable propaganda during the past
three months. If Mr. Meyer had any
hope that these plans would be considered
in the present session of Congress, that
hope has been blasted by Speaker Can-
non, who has told the Postmaster Gen-
eral that he does not consider the time ripe
for the enactment of either project into law.
Mr. Meyer's recommendations will thus
serve as a basis for discussion, rather
than legislation, and for the time being
they may be passed over as possessing
more academic value than practical
importance.

Post-office Department Reform.

It is true, however, that Mr. Meyer's
reformatory plan will not be chilled by
the Speaker's frosty reception. His two
favorite ideas for the development of his
department's usefulness to the people,
for there are other departmental reforms
which, to many people, will seem to have
a natural precedence over the extension
of postal functions. Unquestionably, the
most important of these is the introduc-
tion of modern business methods into
postal management—a reform without
which it would seem to be impossible,
if not dangerous, to enlarge the scope
of postal operations. We are glad to see
that Mr. Meyer is fully aware of the
necessity of this reform, for he says in his
report:

Post-office Department Reform.

"The particular and striking needs in this
business institution of the government are up-
to-date business methods, a revised system of book-
keeping, permitting the taking of a trial balance,
and a permanent official correspondence to the su-
perintendent of a mill or the agent of a great ex-
tended manufacturing corporation, who would hold
office continuously through various administrations.
The methods at the present time are lacking in
economy and directness. The regularizer General
which, worked satisfactorily many years ago,
now out of date and inadequate to the present in-
creased requirements. It is difficult to conduct the
Post-office Department on the up-to-date methods of
a great corporation, because of statutory limitations,
very likely, which, enacted, but which would
be put into operation."

Post-office Department Reform.

In the last decade the postal revenues
have doubled, now amounting to over
\$183,000,000, and it is possible that they
may double again within the next decade.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

as postal officials are compelled to con-
fess, in a clumsy, antiquated, and unecon-
omical manner, because the legislation
under which the department is organized is
out of date. Any business or industrial
corporation run as the Post-office Depart-
ment is run would be bankrupt within
a year, but the postal officials, hand-
capped by red tape and bound to crude
methods long ago outworn, have ac-
complished wonders, and the postal deficit
has actually been reduced from \$11,411,000
to \$6,632,000, while the efficiency of the
service, in many respects, is of a high
order.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

Of course, the departmental officials are
not primarily responsible for the condi-
tions so loudly calling for remedy. The
trouble is with what Mr. Meyer calls
"statutory limitations," which only Con-
gress can remove. A postal commission
has for some time past been inquiring
into these limitations, and its recom-
mendations will shortly be placed before
Congress. No more pressing departmental
matter will come up at this session than
reform in postal management. If Mr.
Meyer shall succeed in accomplishing the
thorough renovation of business methods
in his department that he desires, he will
have cleared the path for that increase
in departmental functions which he has
been advocating with so much ability
and energy. But it appears to us that
business reform should precede social re-
form.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

In order that there may be no em-
barassment about it, we desire to inform
the passless Congressmen that they will
be just as welcome in Washington dur-
ing the Christmas holidays as they would
be back home.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

The Colonel Has Arrived.
In order that the inquisitive minds of
the Columbia State, the Charleston Post,
the Augusta Chronicle and other southerly
and excessively anxious contemporaries
may be relieved as to the present whereabouts
of Col. John Temple Graves, we rejoice to report that he
has arrived in Gotham and wields the same
old magic pen with which he was wont
to spread sunshine throughout the land
of Dixie.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

We have not seen or held communion
with the colonel of late, nor does the New
York American blazer the fact of his
presence in that city in box-car letters,
as some might have thought it would do.
But he is there—safe and sound—and all
"Lost, strayed or stolen" advertisements
may be ordered out upon our assurance.
Though not of direct and personal quality,
the evidence of his whereabouts sprang
before the world nevertheless convinced
with certainty and closes the incident
without added comment. But a few short
days ago there appeared in the American
an editorial that could have come from
no other hand than that of Mr. Graves.
It was two full columns long and well
up to the standard. It was packed and
jammed with Gravesque expressions not
to be mistaken.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
who will not at once see John Temple
Graves mirrored in this?
"We cannot moderate to the forecasting light of
the oil of the candle that tremendous ear of
the lightning requires the projective power of
the lightning in this expansive and electric age."

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

Who but the colonel could, or would,
have expressed this uplifting thought
thusly? Doesn't "oil dip and tallow
candle," for instance, suggest the octopus
—but with extreme subtlety and poetic cir-
cumsppection? Doesn't "the projecting
power of the lightning" suggest some St.
George, Napoleon, or—er, somebody; well,
anyhow, doesn't it? Of course it does;
therefore, what? Why, the colonel is on
the job, and the sometimes long and hard
of those who feared he might have been
lost in the shuffle between his Atlanta
valuedictory and his New York plunge may
cease from troubling and straightway be
at rest!

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

It will, of course, require a measure of
time for the colonel fully to adjust every
feature of his new environment to the
exact and proper angle. Not at all once
shall the prism through which beams
emerge the rainbow be focused to New
York's splendid and cold and un-
responsive eyes. The old lady must be
lute a little while before she yields
her soul to the ministrals cunning. All
in fit and proper time; let due decorum
and dignified calm be observed just now.
Ere long, to New York all the world shall
be one grand, sweet song.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

Mr. John Sharp Williams' unanimous
election to the Democratic leadership in
the House of Representatives shows that
party not to be absolutely lifebound in
its views concerning more than two terms
of service in office.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

The Powder Factory at Indian Head.
There ought to be prompt Congressional
approval of the recommendation made by
the Chief of Ordnance of the navy for
the appropriation of \$300,000 to be de-
voted to an increase of the potential out-
put of the powder plant of the naval
powder works at Indian Head, Md.
There is no more important project con-
nected with the Navy Department than
the powder factory at the neighboring
naval proving ground. The joint army
and navy board has recently been giving
considerable attention to the sources of
supply of smokeless powder and has
aimed to rid the government of the ex-
cessive taxation imposed in the form of
bids for contracts from the so-called
"powder" which, it is stated at
the Navy Department, "has not been ac-
cepted without serious protest both the
price established by the board and the
more exacting specifications which have
been insisted upon."

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

It has been recommended that there
be an increase in the army powder fac-
tory at Dover, N. J., and the similar
institution at Indian Head, to the end
that there may be kept on hand a reserve
stock of ammunition, of which the ships
have at their command a ridiculously in-
adequate quantity. It has been stated
that if there were war and the battle
ships were called into action, they would
have to stop firing after less than one
hour's engagement. Their powder maga-
zines would be empty; and it is more
serious when it becomes known that there
is little opportunity to increase this sup-
ply beyond what might be regarded as
a current need. Under such circumstances
as these, affecting so intimately the
safety of the navy, there ought to be
no hesitation on the part of Congress to
make this provision for the improvement
in the powder-making facilities at Indian
Head.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

If Senator Foraker's defiance was really
a slap at the Taft boom, it was like hit-
ting a boom when it is down.
If Congress can't decide what to do
about the currency situation, it might flip
coins with itself to find out.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

The Atlanta Constitution devotes half
a column to the question, "What is wis-
dom?" In another thirty days, the Con-
stitution doubtless will be wanting to
know where it is.

Yet this enormous business is conducted,

A Detroit man has perfected a machine
with which any one may manufacture at
home all the gas he wants, and, for a
trifle of cost, it is extremely difficult,

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

They say that Chaucer went about
Enthused with potent ale and stout.
If this be so,
I'd like to know
How can a bard attain renown
Within a local option town?

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

They say that Shakespeare always hit
The cup that brims with golden ale.
If this be true,
I ask of you
How can a poet hope to fly
When living in a town that dries?

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

They say that Jonson took a crack
Ten times a day at old milled sack.
If this be so,
I want to know
How can a poet climb to fame
Against the local option game?

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

"How do you stand at the White
House?"
"I'm in doubt," replied the new Sen-
ator, "I've been asked to the state banquets,
but I'm never asked to the wrestling func-
tions or the Jiu Jitsu affairs."

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

Had His Doubts.
"Is it really a pleasure for you to have
me call?" inquired the young man.
"Why, yes," said the girl in some con-
fusion. "Why do you ask such a ques-
tion?"
"Oh, nothing; only you seem to take
your pleasures sadly."

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

It Sure Does.
A good deal passes for tough luck that
is really poor management.

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

Comedy Sketch Team.
When you're lookin' for amusement for
to cheer life's bitter cup,
Why, there ain't no combination like a
baby on a pup!

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

As Regards Dress.
No need to be in doubt, girls. Anything
that injures your health is becoming.

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

Harmless.
"How do you find America?"
"Seems homelike," answered the Rus-
sian general. "Listen to those bombs ex-
ploding."
"Those are not bombs, excellency. Those
are booms."

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

Up Against It.
"The office ought to see the man."
"But what are you going to do when
the man positively declines to consider a
third term?"

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT.
From the Detroit Free Press.
The house is wrapped in mystery.
Great secrecy is maintained.
And when I enter, such an air
Of unconcern is feigned.
The children run away to hide
The things I mustn't see;
Some new surprise they have in store,
On Christmas Day for me.

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

Even the baby, three years old,
Enthusiastic grows,
And toddles off to hide his gift.
Yet why, he scarcely knows.
And in his roughish eyes there sits
A yearning that I see,
To tell his second commandment produce
The gift he has for me.

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

The older children sit about
And wink, and nod, and smile;
And whisper conversations well
Then every little while
They run upstairs with eager feet
And open drawers to see,
If undisturbed the gifts remain,
That they have brought for me.

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

Oh, you may boast of precious gifts,
Of costly jewels rare;
Of gold and silver treasures, but
The simple little presents brought
And kept in secrecy;
The little gifts so fraught with love,
The children bring for me.

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

What He Expects.
"What do you expect for Christmas?"
"A few pairs of socks and a rubber
plant for the parlor. You know, I'm mar-
ried now."

A DRY-TOWN BARD.

Not Safe Yet.
The turkey that's alive to-day
Should not start crowing yet;
The ax has not been put away—
There's Christmas to be met.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A DRY-TOWN BARD.
They say that Chaucer went about
Enthused with potent ale and stout.
If this be so,
I'd like to know
How can a bard attain renown
Within a local option town?

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

They say that Shakespeare always hit
The cup that brims with golden ale.
If this be true,
I ask of you
How can a poet hope to fly
When living in a town that dries?

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

They say that Jonson took a crack
Ten times a day at old milled sack.
If this be so,
I want to know
How can a poet climb to fame
Against the local option game?

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"How do you stand at the White
House?"
"I'm in doubt," replied the new Sen-
ator, "I've been asked to the state banquets,
but I'm never asked to the wrestling func-
tions or the Jiu Jitsu affairs."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Had His Doubts.
"Is it really a pleasure for you to have
me call?" inquired the young man.
"Why, yes," said the girl in some con-
fusion. "Why do you ask such a ques-
tion?"
"Oh, nothing; only you seem to take
your pleasures sadly."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

It Sure Does.
A good deal passes for tough luck that
is really poor management.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Comedy Sketch Team.
When you're lookin' for amusement for
to cheer life's bitter cup,
Why, there ain't no combination like a
baby on a pup!

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

As Regards Dress.
No need to be in doubt, girls. Anything
that injures your health is becoming.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Harmless.
"How do you find America?"
"Seems homelike," answered the Rus-
sian general. "Listen to those bombs ex-
ploding."
"Those are not bombs, excellency. Those
are booms."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Up Against It.
"The office ought to see the man."
"But what are you going to do when
the man positively declines to consider a
third term?"

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT.
From the Detroit Free Press.
The house is wrapped in mystery.
Great secrecy is maintained.
And when I enter, such an air
Of unconcern is feigned.
The children run away to hide
The things I mustn't see;
Some new surprise they have in store,
On Christmas Day for me.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Even the baby, three years old,
Enthusiastic grows,
And toddles off to hide his gift.
Yet why, he scarcely knows.
And in his roughish eyes there sits
A yearning that I see,
To tell his second commandment produce
The gift he has for me.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The older children sit about
And wink, and nod, and smile;
And whisper conversations well
Then every little while
They run upstairs with eager feet
And open drawers to see,
If undisturbed the gifts remain,
That they have brought for me.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Oh, you may boast of precious gifts,
Of costly jewels rare;
Of gold and silver treasures, but
The simple little presents brought
And kept in secrecy;
The little gifts so fraught with love,
The children bring for me.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

What He Expects.
"What do you expect for Christmas?"
"A few pairs of socks and a rubber
plant for the parlor. You know, I'm mar-
ried now."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Not Safe Yet.
The turkey that's alive to-day
Should not start crowing yet;
The ax has not been put away—
There's Christmas to be met.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

William F. Cody is not a member
of the United States Senate. His
law-making service never extended be-
yond the territorial bounds of Wyom-
ing, so far as is recorded. There-
fore, the visitors in the gallery who
yesterday thought they saw Mr. Cody
occupying a seat in the Senate cham-
ber were mistaken. Instead, they
looked upon the new Senator from
New Jersey, Hon. Frank O. Briggs,
who succeeds Hon. John F. Dryden,
and who, as a matter of fact, does bear
a strong facial resemblance to Cody, or, as
he is better known to fame and the world
at large, "Buffalo Bill."

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, looks very
like Daniel Webster, as several visitors
who are familiar with the latter states-
man's appearance remarked yesterday.
Not only is there a resemblance of face
and figure, but the Senator's dignity of
carriage, and even his dress, accentuate
the likeness. His short standing collar,
the ends of which come up on each side
of his throat with a generous space be-
tween them, and his black bow tie, with
its ends, closely resemble the old stock
so much affected by the solons of the middle
of the nineteenth century, and the cut of
Senator Heyburn's black frock coat is not
unlike that with which pictures of Web-
ster have made the present generation
familiar.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Altogether, the likeness is remarkably
striking.
That fine old war horse, Senator Daniel,
of Virginia, remained in his seat for an
hour after the upper House adjourned in
earnest conversation with his colleague,
Senator Martin.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

"Senator," remarked a friend who in-
vaded this council of war to Daniel, "it
was remarked a few moments ago by a
man in the gallery that you are a 'dead
ringer' for William Jennings Bryan."
"Yes," said the Senator, "well, that's
nothing new. Mrs. Bryan told me that
the first time I met her, though in differ-
ent words."

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Senator Beveridge's blush brings out the
salient features of his countenance. He
has become a happy benefactor since the
last session. Congratulations are, there-
fore, still in order, and the blush always
rises to a point of personal privilege when
this fact is mentioned.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Senator Beveridge and Senator Perkins
met as they were going to the committee
caucus.
"Why, Senator," said Perkins, "well met,
I congratulate you."
"Delighted, Senator," said Beveridge,
and the blush followed.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

It's the faintest, most boyish blush im-
aginable, too.
Peter A. Porter, the man who defeated
"Jimmie" Wadsworth in New York, and
who was not permitted to attend the Re-
publican caucus Saturday night because
he ran on a Democratic ticket, met John
Sharp Williams, the minority leader of
the House, in one of the cloakrooms yes-
terday afternoon. Mr. Porter introduced
himself.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

"I am glad to know you," said Mr.
Williams.
"I am sorry I could not avail myself of
your invitation to participate in the De-
mocratic caucus," said Mr. Porter, "but I
couldn't do it. I am a Republican, you
know."

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

"I didn't order an invitation sent you,"
said Mr. Williams. "It must have been
the mistake on the part of a clerk."
Mr. Porter thus becomes, for a time at
least, a member of the Republican side of
the House yesterday afternoon between
Representative Andrus, of New York, and
Jay Lansing, of Ohio. Right across the
aisle on the right of Mr. Andrus is Her-
bert Parsons, of New York, and a good
friend of the President, who is supposed
to have put an "O. K." stamp on Mr.
Porter, notwithstanding the action of the
caucus.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Representative Walter I. Smith, of Iowa,
was yesterday talking to a party of col-
leagues in the House, discussing the finan-
cial furries that have resulted in a flood
of bills from practically every other mem-
ber, suggesting a remedy. Mr. Smith
is the fact that the American people are
inherent gamblers, and he would do
with the present agitation than anything
else, and told a story to illustrate his
point.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

"It reminds me," he said, "of a man I
once knew out West. He had the great
American habit of gambling, and would
lay a wager on anything. A friend one
time found him in a gambling house, in-
dignantly 'bucking the tiger' as a rou-
lette table.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

"Look here," said the friend, "don't you
know you haven't a chance on earth to
win anything at that game. It's crooked,
you are throwing away your money."
"I know that," replied Mr. friend, "but
what am I going to do about it. This is
the only wheel in town."

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

While Gen. Grosvenor passes out of the
Congressional limelight, Ohio still has in
its delegation two veteran white-haired
statesmen who have passed seventy years
of age—Gen. J. Warren Keifer, ex-Speak-
er of the House of Representatives, and
Gen. Israel R. Sherwood, who represented
Ohio thirty-four years ago.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

On the opening day last session, owing
to illness, the eminent Iowa statesman,
W. R. Allison, was absent, the first time
in many years. The resolution for the
appointment of a committee to inform
the President, &c., usually introduced by
him, was then presented by Senator Hale,
of Maine. This session, however, Sena-
tor Allison answered roll-call and made
the usual formal motion. The Vice Pres-
ident appointed Senator Teller, of Col-
orado, as the Democratic member of the
committee to accompany Senator Allison
to the White House to notify the Presi-
dent that the Senate was ready for busi-
ness.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

"The State of Washington ought to
send you to the Senate, and it will do so
some day," said a friend to Representa-
tive Cushman.
"No," said Cushman, "that will not
happen."
"Why not?"
"In the first place, I'm too poor, and in
the second, too ugly."

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

The absence of flowers in the Senate
was noticeable, there being none in evi-
dence excepting a bunch on the Vice Pres-
ident's desk, and a carnation worn by
Senator Isaac Stephenson, of Wisconsin.
Quite a number of the House were car-
nations.

THE OPTIMIST.

In spite of the fact that that wise
statesman, Beaconsfield, told us that
"Change is inevitable in a progressive
country. Change is constant," there are
many who set up for sage philosophers
who would deny all change and seek to
deny that change is inevitable in a pro-
gressive life. One of the favorite max-
ims of these old fogies is: "A rolling
stone gathers no moss." A very coward
of a maxim, as if the gathering of moss-
or, to speak the parable out honestly—
acquisition of wealth, were the one de-
sirable thing in this life of ours.

THE OPTIMIST.

Who is there that looking back upon his
life cannot see the way littered with
much mental camp-baggage that he has
thrown aside? There was a time—doubt-
less, we can, perhaps, very well remem-
ber it—when we were quite sure that In-
gersoll had more logic than Moses, when
we thought that Walt Whitman was
greater than Shakespeare, and Lord By-
ron, dying for the Greeks, a greater hero
than Alexander. Shall we be ashamed
because we have reached that stage in
life where we think that our youth was
mistaken? What